In The Dark

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Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	HIStory3 - 圈套 | HIStory3: Trapped
Relationship:	Meng Shaofei/Tang Yi
Characters:	Meng Shaofei, Tang Yi
Additional Tags:	Rape, Not by Tang Yi, Tang Yi's no bullshit attitude, Serious Tang Yi, Hurt Shao Fei, Hurt, Angst, Suicidal Thoughts, Heavy Angst, Angst and Feels, Tragedy, Rape Aftermath, Scared Shao Fei, Numbness, Shao Fei goes numb, Fear, Non-Graphic Rape/Non-Con, i don't think so anyways, kind of detailed aftermath but no actual rape happens, all of this is after the fact, Triggers, Dark, Dark Tang Yi, Not Happy
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In The Dark

by the_link_dock

Summary

Shao Fei is raped by a police officer. If he can't trust the law, who can he trust? A certain gang leader may be his only hope.

Notes

i've never written something like this before, go easy on me

TW: rape mention, rape happened though nothing is described, rape aftermath, depressive thoughts, suicidal ideation

Everything hurt.

Everything hurt and he wished he was dying, but when was life ever that merciful?

It was dark and not cold, but he couldn't stop shivering. His teeth rattled in his skull and his body was sore from the exertion of trying to stay warm.

Meng Shao Fei was curled up on his side, going numb from exhaustion and from mentally retreating into himself.

He was in an alley, his clothes were ripped off him and in tatters around him, and there was blood between his legs.

The was pain between his legs, A tearing, stinging pain that had dulled to an uncomfortable ache that made him hiss and freeze if he shifted too much.

A cop did this.

Someone who worked with Shao Fei did this to him.

Someone he knew—someone he worked closely with did this to him and Shao Fei was in shock.

Cops were the good guys, they didn't hurt people like this.

Shao Fei didn't even know who it was; just that the man knew who Shao Fei was and which precinct he worked at, when, and there was a badge that Shao Fei saw on the man's belt.

It glinted at Shao Fei in mocking throughout the whole painful ordeal and Shao Fei felt himself get sick when he caught sight of his own.

He didn't know who did this to him.

Only that it was a man and someone he was close to.

Shao Fei was shaking all over and small noises were pushed out of his mouth in gaspy breaths that he struggled to take in.

He'd been violated and humiliated and drugged only enough so he couldn't fight.

He'd been awake the whole time and he'd felt everything.

Now, the drugs were wearing off but he couldn't bring himself to move.

He stared blankly at the dingy wall in front of him and his fingers twitched as his legs jolted periodically.

Shao Fei blinked slowly and debated on what to do.

A part of him—a large, dark part within him —told him to give up and die on the streets.

His pride, his reputation, his safety was in shatters and he had nothing to go back to our love for. He joined the police to /help people, but he couldn't even protect himself.

If the police were doing shit like this, then Shao Fei wanted no part of it.

The precinct wasn't safe. The police weren't safe.

That thought echoed through Shao Fei's dull mind, despite everything else. It repeated like a broken record.

If the law wasn't safe, then Shao Fei would seek help through other means. His pride was already destroyed.

After hours of laying on cold hard concrete, Shao Fei pushes himself up through she will and jelly arms.

His phone was far away and it took many pained whimpers and cries before Shao Fei was able to reach it; he'd almost given up seven times before his fingers finally curled around the mobile device and he collapsed in exhaustion.

His chin scraped against the ground, but it was the last of his worries as he blearily tried to turn on his phone.

His assaulter took Shao Fei's phone out of his pants pocket and threw it on the ground, steering in it harshly before taking off Shao Fei's clothes.

The screen was cracked and the battery was at 15%, but it was operational.

Shao Fei felt his chest heavy with relief.

Shao Fei had Tang Yi's phone number memorised. He knew Tang Yi's business phone, his house phone, his cell phone, and his personal cell phone. All memorised as if they were Shao Fei's own.

He dialled Tang Yi's personal cell phone, knowing it was strictly used for emergencies and familial people in his life.

He answered on the second ring.

"Who is this?"

Shao Fei stared at the wall ahead of him and wondered where to begin.

"Who is this?" Tang Yi's voice was calm and deadly. Not polite on the off-chance that it could be a wrong number.

His voice was cold and threatening and would've made Shao Fei shiver if he had the energy.

“Don’t hang up,” Shao Fei sobbed in to the phone, hating how hoarse and weak he sounded.

“Who is this?” Tang Yi’s voice didn’t change and Shao Fei felt the lump in his throat grow.

“I n-need help.” Shao Fei answered instead. “I cuh-can’t trus-t the police.”

There was silence in the other end and Shao Fei heaved.

“Please,” he whispered.

If Tang Yi didn’t help him, Shao Fei would truly be alone. Shao Fei would kill himself.

“Who is this,” Tang Yi’s voice was still unyielding, but there was definitely a hint of concern.

“If I t-tell you, you ha-have to help m-me.” His stuttering was a result of how bad he was trembling and his hard it was to force himself to speak.

Shao Fei’s mind was going less than a mile an hour and all he wanted was to curl up and die, but he knew he couldn’t. Not without trying to make it out first.

Tang Yi have an annoyed sigh and Shao Fei felt a ghost of a smile cross his lips.

It was hollow and empty like himself.

“Who are you?”

“Meng Shao Fei.”

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